

Who's the Dupe?

*collected
&
perfect.
J.H. 1798.*

A

F A R C E:

As it is ActED at the

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E.

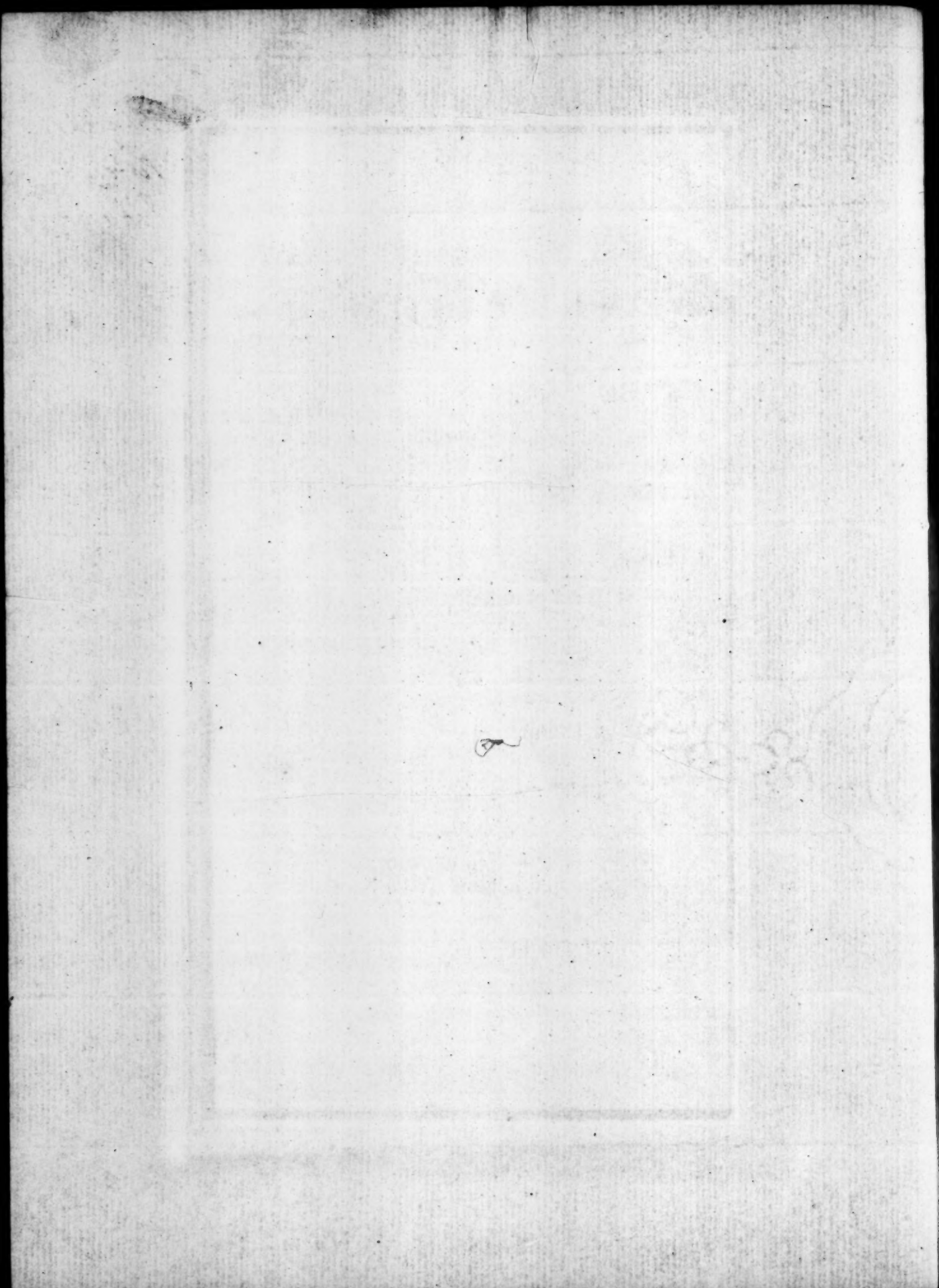
First Edition.


By Mrs. C O W L E Y,
AUTHOR of the RUNAWAY, a COMEDY.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. DODSLEY, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, S. CROW-
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MDCCCLXXIX.





ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reader will find Passages in the following Scenes, which are not spoken on the Stage. Actors of skill and ability, acquainted with the ideas of the Writer, and assisted by all the advantages of Stage-representation, give impressions of character and situation with more expedition and certainty than can be done by Words alone; elucidations, which may be necessary for the Reader, are therefore very frequently and properly omitted by them.

The Author owes too much to the very excellent manner in which the Farce is acted, not to seize this opportunity of acknowledging her obligations to the Performers.

Judging from her own experience, as well as her observation on that of others, she feels that Authors are so far from having reason to join in the common clamour on the decision of

of the Stage, that there has been no period in which performances in the Comic line have been represented with such uniform strength: and though it is impossible for her to form distinctions on the merit of so perfect a representation, yet she cannot omit expressing her particular obligations to Mr. King, for accepting, from the best motives, and in the most polite and candid manner, a part not perfectly agreeable to himself, but which owes its effect principally to his performance.

CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

M E N.

DOILEY

Mr. *Parsons*

SANDFORD

Mr. *Aickin*

GRANGER

Mr. *Palmer*

GRADUS

Mr. *King*

W O M E N.

ELIZABETH

Mrs. *Brereton*

CHARLOTTE

Mrs. *Wrighten*

[The AUTHOR was disappointed of a promised Prologue—The following was sketched the evening previous to the representation of the Farce, but not spoken, on account of the length of the several entertainments on that night.—It is printed, as an explanation of the principal idea on which the plot was formed.]

IN days of yore liv'd doughty Knights,
Enchanters, 'Squires, and valiant Wights—
Scamp'ring o'er mountains, seas, and land,
Prompt at their haughty Fair's command.
Castles were raz'd, and Giants kill'd,
Volcanos sunk, or Rivers fill'd :
No Ravisher dar'd stalk the earth ;
No faithless Lover turn'd to mirth
The oaths his fondness once had swore—
Is he inconstant ?—He's *no more*.
Rare times were these ! yet some there were
Who even then against the Fair,
Fearless of Conj'rer, 'Squire, or Knight,
Could shew their teeth, and vent their spight.
These were your Learned Men—your *Writers*,
Whom no age ever mark'd for Fighters ;
But war with *Women* they could wage,
And fill their bold, satyric page
With petty foibles—*Ladies* faults—
Who still endure their rude assaults ;
For even now it is the way,
In this our polish'd modern day,
On Female Follies to be witty,
From the Court Beauty to the City.
Those who can't rhyme, in weighty Prose
Their *whims* and *vanity* expose :
In Epigrams Sir Witling's folio
Makes of the sex a perfect olio—
Of noise, caprice, and pride, compos'd,
To ev'ry thing *outré* dispos'd—

Whilst

Whilft Cards, and Dress, and studied Airs, }
 More than good Housewifery, or Prayers, }
 Engross their time, their hearts, their cares. }

Thus have they borne, from distant ages,
 The lash of Wit, the frown of Sages.—

Sure then 'tis fair *one* hour to give—

'Tis all she asks—a Woman leave

To laugh at those same *learned* Men !

The gall of whose sarcastic pen

By Youth, and Beauty, is supply'd,

Nor spares the Matron, Maid, nor Bride.

If any from the musty Halls,

Or the chill gloom of College-walls,

To bask in Pleasure's tempting ray,

Have Phaëton-like obtain'd a day,

And, thron'd in yonder circle, sit,

Deciding on the claims of Wit—

Think not that *you*, our Author means,

When thro' her saucy Farcic scenes,

A Pedant she has dar'd to scan

From Alma Mater—spick and span.

No; in her name she bids me swear

You are chief fav'rites of the Fair—

You've blood and spirits in your veins,

And give—*ge-heup*—to joy the reins ;

Skim Life's sweet surface, and pursue

The flying blessings, still in view—

For Pleasure ever on the beat,

And *roasted* SQUARE CAPS—think a treat.

WHO'S THE DUPE?

A C T I.

S C E N E, *the Park.*

Flower Girls, and several persons passing.

First Girl.

I Vow I ha'n't had a customer to-day. Summer is coming, and we shall be ruin'd. When flowers are plenty, no body will buy 'em.

2d. Girl. Aye, wery true—people talks of summer; but for my part, give me Christmas. In a hard frost, or a deep snow, who's drest without flowers and furs? Here's one of the Captains.

Enter SANDFORD.

Flowers, Sir!

Sand. I have no silver.

2d. Girl. Bless your Honour! I'll take gold.

Sand. Indeed!

2d. Girl. Here's hyacinths, and a sprig of myrtle.

Sand. I'd rather have roses. What will you take for these? [*Pinching her cheek.*]

2d. Girl. I can't sell them alone—the tree and the roses must go together.

B

Enter

Enter GRANGER.

Sand. Ah! Granger, by all that's fortunate! I wrote to you last night in Devonshire, to hasten your return.

Grang. Then your letter and I jostled each other at two o'clock, on this side Hounslow. My damn'd postillion—nodding, I suppose, over the charms of some Greasalinda—run against the letter-cart, tore off my hind wheel; and I was forced to mount his one-ey'd hack, and, in that curious equipage, arrived at three this morning.

Sand. But how has the negotiation with your Brother ended? Will he put you in a situation to——

Grang. Yes, to take a sweating with the Gentoos. He'll speak to Sir Jacob Jaghire to get me a commission in the East-Indies—"and, "you know, every body grows rich there—and "then you know you're a Soldier, you can "fight." [*In a tone of mimicry.*]

Sand. Well, what answer did you give him?

Grang. Yes, Sir Bobby, I can fight [*mimicking*]; but I can't grow rich upon the smell of gunpowder. Your true *East-India* Soldier is a different genius from those who strew'd Minden with Frenchmen, and must have as great a fecundity of character, as a Dutch Burgomaster. Whilst his sword is in his hand, his pen must be in his cockade: he must be as expert at Frac-tions, as at Assaults; to-day mowing down ranks of soft Beings, just risen from their Embroidery; to-morrow, selling Pepper and Beetle-nut—this hour a Son of Mars, striding over heaps of slain; the next, an Auctioneer—knocking down Chintz and Callico to the best bidder.

Sand. And thus your negotiation ended?

Grang.

Grang. Except that I was obliged to listen to some very wise dissertation about *running out*, as he calls it. "Five Thousand—enough for any younger Son, but the Prodigal." [*mimicking*] Really, Sandford, I can't see how I could help it. Jack Spiller, to be sure, had Nine Hundred. The poor fellow was honest; but he married a Fine Lady, so died insolvent. I had a few more accidents of the same kind; my Captaincy cost a Thousand—and the necessary expences in America, with the distresses of my fellow Soldiers, have swallowed the rest.

Sand. Poor Granger! So, with a spirit to do honour to Five Thousand a year, thou art not worth Five Shillings.

Grang. *C'est vrai.* Should my affairs with Elizabeth be cross'd, I am the most undone Dog on earth.

Sand. Now, tell me honestly, is it Elizabeth, or the fortune, which is your object?

Grang. Why look'ee Sandford! I am not one of those fighting Milkops who could live in a cottage on love, or sit contentedly under a hedge, and help my wife to knit stockings; but, on the word of a Soldier, I had rather marry Elizabeth Doily with Ten Thousand Pounds, than any other woman on earth with an Hundred.

Sand. And the woman must be very unreasonable, who would not be satisfied with such a distinction. But do you know, that Elizabeth's Father has taken the liberty to chuse a Son-in-law without your permission?

Grang. Ha! a Lover! That then is the secret my Charmer hinted, and which brought me so hastily to Town. Who—what is he?

Sand. Every thing that you are not.

Grang.

Grang. There is such a mixture of jest and earnest—

Sand. Upon my soul, 'tis confoundedly serious. —Since they became my neighbours in Suffolk, I am in the secrets of the whole family, and, for *your* sake, have cultivated an intimacy with Abraham Doiley, Citizen and Slop-Seller. In a word, the Father consults me, the Daughter complains to me, and the Cousin, fille-de-chambre, romps with me—Can my importance be increased?

Grang. My dear Sandford! [*impatiently.*]

Sand. My dear Granger! the sum total is this: old Doily—bred, you know, in a Charity-school—swears he'll have a Man of LARNING for his Son. His caprice makes him regardless of fortune; but Elizabeth's husband must have Latin at his fingers' ends, and be able to teach his Grandsons to sputter in Greek.

Grang. Oh! I'll study Hebrew, and write Odes in Chaldee, if that will content the old Gentleman—but, may I perish, if all the Pedants in England, with the Universities to back 'em, shall rob me of my Elizabeth!—See here [*producing a Letter.*]—an invitation, from her own dear hand.—This morning—this very hour—in a moment I shall be at her feet [*Going.*]—Go with me through the Park—Oh, no—I cry you mercy—You walk, but I fly. [*Exit.*]

Sand. Propitious be your flight!—Egad! there are two fine Girls—I'll try 'em—half afraid—the Women dress so equivocally, that one is in danger of attacking a Countess, when one only means to address a Nymph of King's-Place. [*Exit.*]

An Apartment at Mr. DOILEY'S.

Mr. and Miss DOILEY at Breakfast.

Doil. Here, take away—take away. Remember, we are not at home to nobody but to Mr. Gradus.

Serv. The formal Gentleman, that was here last night, Sir?

Doil. Yes, [*snappishly*] the Gentleman that was here last night. [*Exit Servant*] What! I see you are resolved for to have poor Gradus's heart, Elizabeth!—I never saw you so trick'd out in a morning before. But he is n't none of your Chaps that's to be catch'd with a Mountain-head, nor knots, nor gew-gaws.—No, no; you must mind your Ps and Qs with him, I can tell you. And don't laugh now when he's with you.—You've a confounded knack at laughing; and there's nothing so odious, in the eyes of a wise man, as a great laugher.

Miss Doil. Oh! his very idea is as reviving as burnt feathers in hysterics.—I wish I had seen him last night, with all the rust of Oxford about him! he must have been the greatest provocative to mirth.

Doil. How! what! a provokive to mirth! why, Hussey, he was recommended to me by an antikary Doctor of the Royal Society—he has finished his Larning some time; and they want him to come and drink and hunt in Shropshire—not he—he sticks to Al-mater; and the College-heads have been laid together many a time to know whether he shall be a great Judge, a larned Physician, or a Civility Doctor.

Miss Doil. Nay then, Sir—if he's all this, laughing will be irresistible.

Doil.

Doil. Don't put me in a passion, Betty—don't go for to put me in a passion. What, would you have a Man with an eternal grin upon his face, like the head of a knocker? and hopping and skipping about like a Dutch Doll, with quicksilver in its heels? If you must have a Husband of that sort, so be it, so be it—you know the rest.

Miss Doil. Surely, Sir, 'tis possible for a Man who does not move as if cut in wood, or speak as though he delivered his words by tale, to have Breeding, and to——

Doil. May be—may be; but your Man of Breeding is not fit for old Doiley's Son. What! shall I go for to give the labour of thirty years to a young Jackanapes, who'll come into the room with a Dancing-school step—and prate of his Grandfather Sir Thomas, his Great-Grandfather the General, and his Great-great-great-Grandfather—merely because I can't tell whether I ever had one, or no?

Miss Doil. I hope, Sir, that such a Man could never engage my——

Doil. Pshaw, pshaw! *you* can't pretend for to judge of a Man; all Hypocrites and Deceivers.

Miss Doil. Except Mr. Gradus.

Doil. Oh, He! He's very different from your Men of Breeding, I assure you——The most extraordinary Youth that was ever turn'd out of College. None of your Randans, up all night—not drinking and wenching——No—in his room—poring, and reading, and studying. Oh, the joy that I shall have in hearing him talk! I do love LARNING. I was grieved—grieved to the soul, Betty, when thou wert born. I had set my heart upon a Boy—and if thou'd'st been a Boy, thou

A F A R C E. 7

thou shouldst have had Greek, and Algebra, and Jometry enough for an Archbishop.

Miss Doil. I am sorry——

Doil. No, no; don't be sorry—be obedient, and all will be as it should be. You know I doat on you, you young Slut. I left Eastcheap for Westminster, on purpose to please you. Hav'n't I not carried you to Bath, Brimigem, and Warley-Common, and all the genteel places? I never grudge you no expence, nor no pleasure whatsoever.

Miss Doil. Indeed, Sir, you are most indulgent.

Doil. Well then, don't thwart me, Betty—don't go for to thwart me; that's all. Since you came into the world, and disappointed your Father of a Son, 'tis your duty to give him a wise *Son-in-law* to make up his loss.

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Char. Mrs. Taffety, the Mantua-maker, is in your dressing-room, Ma'am.

Doil. Then send her away—She has'nt no time now for Mrs. Taffety.

Miss Doil. Aye, send her away, Charlotte—what does she want? I didn't send for her.

Char. Bless me—'tis the Captain. [*Apart.*]

Miss Doil. Oh Heavens! [*aside*] Yes, I do remember—aye, I did—I did send for her about the painted lutestring.

Doil. Bid her come again to-morrow, I say.

Char. Lord bless me! Sir, I dare say she can't come again to-morrow—such Mantua-makers as Mrs. Taffety won't wait half-a-dozen times on people—Why, Sir, she comes to her Customers
in

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in a Chair of her own; and her Footman beats a tattoo at the door, as if she was a Countess.

Doil. A Mantua-maker with her Footman and Chair! Oh lud! a lud! I should as soon have expected a Duchess in a Wheel-barrow.

Miss Doil. Pray, Sir, allow me just to step and speak to her—It is the sweetest gown—and I'd give the world were you as much charm'd with it as I am.

Doil. Coaxing slut! [*Exeunt Miss D. and Charlotte.*—Where the devil can Gradus be now?—Well, good fortune never comes in a hurry.—If I'd pitch'd upon your Man of Breeding, he'd have been here an hour ago—sift his jock-late, kiss'd Elizabeth's fingers, hopped into his carriage, and away to his wench—to divart her with charatures of the Old Fellow and his Daughter. Oh! before I'd give my gains to one of these Puppies, I'd spend 'em all in building hospitals for lazy Lacquies, and decay'd Pimps.

[*Exit.*

SCENE, a Dressing-Room.

Miss DOILEY and GRANGER.

Miss Doil. A truce to your transports! Perhaps I am too much inclined to believe all you can swear—but this must be a moment of business—To secure me to yourself, are you willing to enter into measures that—

Gran. Any thing!—every thing!—I'll have a chaise at the Park-gate in five minutes; and we'll be in Scotland, my Elizabeth, before your new Lover has settled his first address.

Miss Doil. Pho, pho! you're a mere bungler at contrivance; if you'll be guided by me, my
Father

THE F A R C E.

Father shall give me to you at St. James's Church, in the face of the world.

Grang. Indeed!

Miss Doil. Indeed.

Grang. I fear to trust to it, my Angel!—Beauty can work miracles with all mankind, but an obstinate Father.—

Miss Doil. It is *you* who must work the miracle.—I have settled the whole affair with my Cousin, who has understanding and wit—and you have only to be obedient.—

Grang. I am perfectly obedient—pray give me my lesson!

Miss Doil. Why, luckily, you know my Father has never seen you—he left Bath before you had the sauciness—

Enter CHARLOTTE with a Bundle.

Char. There!—you're finely caught!—Here's your Father and Mr. Gradus actually upon the stairs, coming here.

Grang. Zounds! Where's the closet?

Miss Doil. Oh Lord! here's no closet—I shall faint with terror.

Grang. No back stairs?—No clothes-press?

Char. Neither, neither!—But here—I'm your guardian angel—[*untying the bundle*]—I told 'em Mrs. Taffety was here; so without more ceremony clap on these—speak broken English, and, my life for it, you'll pass muster with my Uncle.

Grang. What! make a Woman of me!—by Jupiter—

Char. Lay your commands on him—if he doesn't submit, we are ruin'd.

Miss Doil. Oh, you shall, I protest—here—I'll put his cap on,

C

Doil.

Doil. [*without*] This way, Sir—come this way—We'll take her by surprise—least preparation is best—[*pulling at the door*] Open the door!

Miss Doil. Presently, Sir.

Doil. [*knocking*] What the dickens are you doing, I say?—open the door!

Char. In a moment—I am only pinning my Cousin's gown—Lord bless me! you hurry one so, you have made me prick my finger. There—now you may enter. [*Opens the door, and exit.*]

Doil. Oh! only my Daughter's Mantua-maker. Here, Elizabeth, this is that Mr. Gradus I talk'd to you about. Bless me! I hope you a'n't ill—you look as white as a candle.

Miss Doil. No, Sir—not ill—but this woman has fretted me to death—she has spoil'd my gown.

Doil. Why then make her pay for it, d'ye hear? It's my belief, if she was to pay for all she spoils, she'd soon drop her Chair, and trudge a-foot. Mr. Gradus—beg pardon—this is my Daughter—don't think the worse of her, because she's a little dash'd, or so.

Grad. Bashfulness, Mr. Doiley, is the robe of Modesty—and Modesty, as hath been well observ'd, is a Sunbeam on a Diamond—giving force to its beauty, and exalting its lustre.

Doil. He was a deep one, I warrant him, that said that—I remember something like it in the Wisdom of Solomon. Come, speak to Elizabeth there—I see she won't 'till you've broke the ice.

Grad. Madam!—[*bows*]—hem—permit me—this honour—hem—believe me, Lady, I have more satisfaction in beholding you, than I should have

have in conversing with Grævius and Gronovius. I had rather possess your approbation than that of the elder Scaliger; and this apartment is more precious to me, than was the Lycean Portico to the most zealous of the Peripatetics.

Doil. There!—Shew me a Man of Breeding who could talk so! [*aside*]

Grang. *Mon Dieu! Madame!* is dis de Gentilhomme for whom you vant de Bride Clothes?—He speak like a Dictionary-maker, and look like a Physician.

Doil. Hold your tongue, Mrs. Skain of Silk! What, a dickens! must you put in *your* oar? Why don't you pack her off? [*to Miss Doiley.*]

Miss Doil. Pray make haste, Mrs. Taffety—How could you presume to speak? I believe all you have said to be very fine, Sir; but, unfortunately, I don't know the Gentlemen you mentioned. The education given to Women shuts us entirely from such refined acquaintance.

Gradius. Perfectly right, Madam, perfectly right. The more simple your education, the nearer you approach the pure manners of the purest ages. The charms of Women were never more powerful—never inspired such achievements, as in those immortal periods, when they could neither read, nor write.

Doil. Not read, nor write! Zounds, what a time was that for to bring up a Daughter! Why, a Peerefs in those days did not cost so much as a Barber's Daughter in ours. Miss Friz must have her Dancing, her French, her Tambour, her Harpsicholl, her Jography, her Stronomy—whilst her Father, to support all this, lives upon Sprats; or, once in two years, calls his Creditors to a composition.

Grad.

Grad. *Ob, tempora mutantur!* but these exuberances, Mr. Doiley, indigitate unbounded liberty.

Doil. Digitate, or not—ifackens, if the Ladies would take my advice, they'd return to their distaffs, and grow notable—to distinguish themselves from their Shopkeepers Wives.

Grad. Ah! It was at the Loom, and the Spinning-wheel, that the Lucretias and Portias of the world imbibed their virtue; that the Mothers of the Gracchi, the Horatii, the Antonines, caught that sacred flame with which they inspired their Sons, and with the milk of their own pure bosoms gave them that fortitude, that magnanimity, which made them Conquerors and Kings.

Grang. *En vérité, Madame!* if you marry dis Gentilhomme, he will make you spin his shirts, dat he may become de Fader of young Emperors.

Doil. Hoity, toity! why, you impudent, insolent—

Grang. Impudent! Pardie, Monsieur, he be only fit for *un Cocu*. Vat, Monsieur! you marry un pretty Lady! You make good Doctor de Sorbonne—but Husband—Oh *mon Dieu!* de Men will rejoice—de Women will laugh—de Town will— [following Gradus, who retreats.]

Grad. Prithee, good Woman!—Mr. Doiley, I am really—

Doil. In all my life I never saw so much. Why, you French Trollop! you, insolent, insignificant, dirty—

Grang. No French Trollop me, Monsieur! By gar, 'tis insult on my country—and mon Cousin de Friseur shall give you de challenge.

Doil.

Doil. Challenge! what a dickens are ye coming the mad Marquis over us? March, Madam! Troop, I say! It doesn't signify hanging back, Woman, for you *shall* out; [*exit Granger*] and [*bawling after him*] if ever I catch you at my door again, you and your Chair shall both be jirk'd in the kennel—This comes of employing your *parler voos*.

Grad. Be not disconcerted, Mr. Doiley—Impertinence and wonder are the birthright of the ignorant.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's a Lord! Lord Pharo!!

Doil. Lord Pharo! hum, then the four Aces run against him last night. Well, the ill luck of some, and the fine taste of others, makes my money breed like rabbits. [*Aside.*

Serv. Sir—

Doil. Well, well, I'm coming—when a Lord wants money, he'll wait as patiently as any body. Well, Mr. Gradus, I'm your humble servant. Elizabeth!—you understand me. [*Exit.*

Grad. How unlucky the old Gentleman should be called away! Hem! [*addressing himself to speak to her*] There is something in her eye so sarcastic, I'd rather pronounce the *Terra-filius*, than address her. Madam!—What can I say? Oh, now—that's fortunate [*pulling out some papers*] Hem! I will venture to request your ideas, Madam, on a little Autographon, which I design for the world.

Miss Doil.—Sir!

Grad.—In which I have formed a new Chronometer, to prove that Confucius and Zoroaster were the same person;—and that the pyramids are

are not so ancient, by two hundred years, as the world believes.

Miss Doil. To what purpose, Sir?

Grad. Purpose!—Purpose, Madam! Why, really, Miss, our Booksellers shelves are loaded with volumes in the unfruitful road of plain sense and nature; and unless an Author can elance himself from the common track, he stands as little chance to be known as a Comet in its Aphelion. Pray, Ma'am, amuse yourself.

Miss Doil. O Lord, Sir! you may as well offer me a sheet of Hieroglyphics—Besides, I hate reading.

Grad. Hate reading!

Miss Doil. Aye, to be sure; what's reading good for, but to give a stiff, embarrassed air? It makes a man move as if made by a Carpenter, who had forgot to give him joints—[*observing him*] he twirls his hat, and bites his thumb, whilst his hearers—his *beholders*, I mean, are gaping for his wit.

Grad. The malicious creature! 'Tis my picture she has been drawing, and now 'tis more impossible for me to speak than ever.

Miss Doil. For my part—for my part, if I was a Man, I'd study only Dancing, and Bon-Mots. With no other learning than these, he may be light and frolicksome as Lady Airy's Ponies—but loaded with Greek, Philosophy, and Mathematics, he's as heavy and dull as a Cart-horse.

Grad. *Fœmina cum voce Diaboli.*

Miss Doil. Bless me, Sir! why are you silent? My Father told me you was a Lover—I never saw such a Lover in my life. By this time you should have said fifty brilliant things—found an hundred similes for my Eyes, Complexion, and Wit,

Wit. Can your memory furnish you with nothing pat?—No Poetry—no Heroics? What subject did Portia's Lovers entertain her with, whilst she sat spinning—aye?

Grad. The Lovers of that age, Madam, were ignorant of frothy compliments. Instead of being gallant, they were brave; instead of Flattery, they studied Virtue and Wisdom. It was *these*, Madam, that nerved the Roman arm; that empowered her to drag the nations of the world at her chariot-wheels, and that raised her to such an exalted height—

Miss Doil. That down she tumbled in the dust—and there I beg you'll leave her. Was ever any thing so monstrous! I ask for a Compliment, and you begin an Oration—an oration on a parcel of stiff Warriors, and formal Pedants. Why, Sir, there is not one of these brave, wise, god-like Men, but would appear as ridiculous in a Modern Assembly as a Judge in his long wig and a Maccaroni jacket.

Grad. Now I am dumb again. Oh, that I had you at Brazen-nose, Madam!—I could manage you there.

[*Aside.*

Miss Doil. What! now you're in the pouts, Sir? 'Tis mighty well. Bless us! what a life a Wife must have with such a Being! forever talking sentences, or else in profound silence. No delightful nonsense, no sweet trifling—all must be solemn, wise, and grave. Hang me if I would not sooner marry the Bust of Seneca, in bronze—then I should have all the gravity and coldness of Wisdom, without its impertinence.

Grad. The impertinence of Wisdom!—Surely, Madam, or I am much deceived, you possess a mind capable—

Miss

Miss Doil. Now I see, by the twist of your chin, Sir, you are beginning another Oration—but, I protest, I will never hear you speak again; 'till you have forsworn those tones, and that manner. Go, Sir—throw your books into the fire, turn your study into a Dressing-room, hire a Dancing-master, and grow agreeable. [*Exit.*]

Grad. Plato! Aristotle! Zeno! I abjure ye. A Girl bred in a Nursery—in whose soul the sacred lamp of knowledge hath scarcely shed its faintest rays—hath vanquish'd, and struck dumb, the most faithful of your disciples. [*Enter Charlotte.*] Here's another She-devil—I'd as soon encounter a She-wolf. [*Going.*]

Charl. Stay, Sir, pray, an instant! Laud bless me! am I such a scare-crow? I was never run from, by a young man, before in my life. [*Pulls him back.*]

Grad. I resolve henceforward to run from your whole sex—Youth and Beauty are only other names for Coquetry and Affectation. Let me go, Madam—you have beauty, and doubtless all that belongs to it.

Charl. Lud! you've a mighty pretty whimsical way of complimenting.—Miss Doiley might have discerned something in you worth cherishing, in spite of that husk of Scholarship.—To pass one's life with such a Being, seems to me the very Apex of human felicity. I found that word for him in a book of Geometry this morning. [*Aside.*]

Grad. Indeed!

Charl. Positively. I have listened to your conversation, and I can't help being concerned, that Talents which ought to do you honour, should,
by

by your mismanagement, be converted into downright ridicules.

Grad. This Creature is of a genus quite different from the other. She has understanding! [*aside*] I begin to suspect, Madam, that, tho' I have some knowledge, I have still *much* to learn.

Charl. You have, indeed—*Knowledge*, as you manage it, is a downright *Bore*.

Grad. *Boar*! What relation can there be between *Knowledge* and a Hog?

Charl. Lord bless me! how ridiculous! You have spent your life in learning the dead languages, and are ignorant of the living—Why, Sir, *Bore* is all the *Ton*.

Grad. *Ton*! *ton*! What may that be? It cannot be *Orthology*: I don't recollect its root in the parent languages.

Char. Ha! ha! ha! better and better. Why, Sir, *Ton* means—*Ton* is—Pho! what signifies where the root is? These kind of words are the short-hand of conversation, and convey whole sentences at once. All one likes is *Ton*, and all one hates is *Bore*.

Grad. And is that divine medium, which pourtrays our minds, and marks us *first* in the animal climax—is *speech* become so arbitrary, that——

Char. Divine medium!—Animal climax! [*contemptuously*] You know very well, the use of language is to express one's likes and dislikes—and a Pig will do this as effectually by its squeak, or a Hen with her cackle, as you with your Latin and Greek.

Grad. What can I say to you?

D

Charl.

Char. Nothing;—but yield yourself to my guidance, and you shall conquer Miss Doiley.

Grad. Conquer *her*! she's so incased with ridicule, there is not a single vulnerable spot about her.

Char. Pshaw, pshaw! What becomes of *her* ridicule, when you have banish'd your absurdities? One can no more exist without the other, than the mundane system without air. There's a touch of my science for you. *[Aside.*

Grad. Madam, I'll take you for my Minerva—Cover me with your shield, and lead me to battle.

Char. Enough. In the first place, *[leading him to a glass]* in the first place, don't you think you are habited à la mode d'Amour? Did you ever see a Cupid in a grizzle wig, curl'd as stiffly as Sir Cloudsley Shovel's in the Abbey?—A dingy brown coat, with vellum button-holes, to be sure, speaks an excellent taste; but then I would advise you to lay it by in lavender, for your Grandson's christening—and here's cambrick enough in your ruffles to make his shirt.

Grad. I perceive my error. The votaries of Love commence a new childhood; and dignity would be as unbecoming in them, as a hornpipe to a Socrates—But habit is so strong, that, to gain an Empress, I could not assume that careless air, that promptness of expression—

Char. Then you may give up the pursuit of Miss Doiley—for such a wise piece of *uprightness* would stand as good a chance to be Secretary to the *Coterie*, as her Husband.

Grad. It is Mr. Doiley, who will—

Char. Mr. Doiley! Ridiculous—Depend on't, he'll let her marry just whom she will—This
Mr.

Mr. Gradus, says he—why I don't care a groat whether you marry him or no, says he—there are fifty young fellows at Oxford, who can talk Greek as well as he——

Grad. Indeed!

Char. I have heard a good account of the young man, says he. But all I ask of you is, to receive two visits from him—no more than *two* visits. If you don't like him—so; if you do, I'll give you half my fortune on the day of marriage, and the rest at my death.

Grad. What a singularity! to limit me to *two* visits—*One* is already past, and she hates me—What can I expect from the other?

Char. Every thing. It is a *moment* that decides the fate of a Lover. Now, fancy me Miss Doiley—look at me as if your soul was in your eyes—swear I'm a divinity—then take my hand and press it—thus.

Grad. Heavens! her touch has thrill'd me.

Char. And if I should pout, and resent the liberty, make your apology on my lips. [*Gradus catches her in his arms, and kisses her*] So, so! you have fire, I perceive.

Grad. Can you give me any more lessons?

Char. Yes; but this is not the place. I have a friend—Mr. Sandford, whom you saw here last night—you shall dine with him; he will initiate ye at once in the fashionable rage, and teach you to trifle agreeably. You shall be equipp'd from his wardrobe, to appear here in the evening a Man of the World—Adieu to Grizzles, and——

Grad. But what will the Father think of such a metamorphosis?

Char. Study your Mistress *only*—your visit will be to *her*, and that visit decides your fate.

WHO'S THE DUPE?

Resolve then to take up your new character boldly—in all its strongest lines, or give up one of the richest Heiresses in the kingdom.

Grad. My obligations, Madam—

Char. Don't stay now, to run the risk of meeting Mr. Doiley—for, if he should discover that you've disgusted his Daughter, Sandford, the dinner, and the plot, will be worth no more than your gravity. Away! I'll meet you at Story's Gate to introduce you. *[Exit Gradus.]*

Enter Miss DOILEY.

Miss Doil. Excellent Charlotte! you've out-gone my expectation—Did ever a woodcock run so blindly into a snare?

Char. Oh, that's the way of all your great Scholars—take 'em but an inch out of their road, and you may turn 'em inside out, as easily as your glove.

Miss Doil. Well, but have you seen Sandford?—Is every thing in train?—Will Gradus be hoodwink'd?

Char. Hoodwink'd! Why, don't you see he's already stark blind? or if he *has* any eyes, I assure ye they are all for me.

Miss Doil. My heart palpitates with apprehension—we shall never succeed.

Char. Oh, I'll answer for the Scholar, if you'll undertake the Soldier. Mr. Sandford has engaged half a dozen of the *Savoir vivre*s; all in high spirits at the idea of tricking old Leather-purse—and they have sworn to exhaust wit and invention, to turn our Solon out of their hands a finish'd Coxcomb.

Miss

Miss Doil. Blessing on their labours! My Granger is gone to study his rival; and will make, I hope, a tolerable copy.—Now follow Gradus, my dear Charlotte, and take care they give him just champagne enough to raise him to the point, without turning over it. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

S C E N E, *An Apartment.*

DOILEY asleep. A Table before him, with Bottles, &c.

Enter a SERVANT.

Servant.

SIR! Sir! [*jogging him*] Sir! What a pise! sure my Master has drain'd the bottles, he sleeps so sound.—Oh, no—[*pours out a glass*]—Here's t'ye, old Gentleman! can't think why they sent me to wake thee—am sure the house is always quietest when you're a snoring.—[*Drinks; then awakens him.*]

Doil. Hey!—how!—what! Is Mr. Gradus come?

Serv. No, Sir—but Mr. Sandford's above stairs, and a mortal fine Gentleman.

Doil.

Doil. Fine Gentleman!—aye—some Rake, I suppose, that wants to sell an annuity—I wonder where Gradus is—Past seven. [*Looking at his watch.*]

Serv. His friends keep the gentleman over a bottle, mayhap, Sir, longer than he thought for.

Doil. He over a bottle!—more liker he's over some crabbed book—or watching what the Moon's about, through a Microscope. Come, move the things; and empty them two bottoms into one bottle, and cork it up close—d'ye hear?—I wish Gradus was come—Well, if I succeed in this one point, the devil may run away with the rest. Let the world go to loggerheads; grafts grow upon 'Change; land-tax mount up; little Doiley is snug. Doiley, with a Hundred Thousand in annuities, and a Son-in-law as wise as a Chancellor, may bid defiance to wind and weather. [*Exit.*]

SCENE, a Drawing-Room.

Enter GRADUS, led by CHARLOTTE, and followed by Mr. SANDFORD.

Charlotte. Well, I protest this is an improvement!—Why, what with fattins and tassels, and spangles and foils, you look as fine as a Chymist's shop by candle-light.

Grad. Madam, do you approve—

Charl. Oh, amazingly—I'll run and send Miss Doiley to admire you.

Grad. [*looking in a glass.*] Oh, if our Proctor could now behold me! he would never believe that figure to be Jeremy Gradus.

Sand.

Sand. Very true—and I give ye joy. No one would conceive you'd ever been within gun-shot of a College.

Grad. What must I do with this?

Sand. Your *chapeau bras*—wear it thus. These hats are for the arm only.

Grad. A hat for the arm! what a subversion of ideas! Oh, Mr. Sandford—if the sumptuary laws of Lycurgus—

Sand. Damn it! will you never leave off your College cant! I tell you once more—and, by Jupiter, if you don't attend to me, I'll give you up—I say, you must forget that such fellows ever existed—that there was ever a language but English—a classic but Ovid, or a volume but his Art of Love.

Grad. I will endeavour to form myself from your instructions—but tarry with me, I entreat you—if you should leave me—

Sand. I won't leave you. Here's your Mistress—Now, Gradus, stand to your arms.

Grad. I'll do my best—but I could wish the Purse-keeper was Miss Charlotte.

Enter Miss DOILEY.

Sand. Hush! Your devoted. Allow me, Madam, to introduce a Gentleman to you, in whose affairs I am particularly interested—

Mr. Gradus.

Miss Doil. Mr. Gradus! Is it possible?

Grad. Be not astonished, oh lovely Maiden, at my sudden change! Beauty is a talisman which works true miracles, and, without a fable, transforms mankind—

Miss Doil. Your transformation, I fear, is too sudden to be lasting—

Grad.

Grad. Transformation! Resplendent Virgo! brightest constellation of the starry Zone! I am but now *created*. Your charms, like the Promethean fire, have warmed the clod to life, and rapt me to a new existence.

Miss Doil. But may I be sure you'll never take up your old rust again?

Grad. Never. Sooner shall Taurus with the Pisces join, Copernicus to Ptolemy resign the spheres, than I be what I was.

Miss Doil. I shall burst. [*Walking aside*]

Sand. Well, you've hit it off tolerably, for a *coup d'essai*—But prithee, Gradus, can't you talk in a style a little less fustian? You remember how those Fine Fellows convers'd, you saw at dinner—no sentences, no cramp words—all was Ease, and Impudence.

Grad. Yes, I remember. Now the shell is burst, I shall soon be fledged. [*Doiley coming in, starts back.*]

Doil. Why, who the dickens have we here!

Sand. So—there's the old Genius!

Miss Doil. But I am convinced now—I am sure all this is put on—in your heart you are still Mr. Gradus.

Grad. Yes, Madam, still Gradus; but not that stiff, scholastic Fool you saw this morning—No, no—I have learn'd that the acquisitions of which your Father is so ridiculously fond, are useless lumber—that a man who knows more than his neighbours, is in danger of being shut out of society—or, at best, of being invited at dinner once in a twelvemonth, to be exhibited like an antique Bronze—or Porridge-pot from Herculaneum.

Doil.

Doil. Zounds! 'tis he! I'm all over in a cold sweat. [*Behind*]

Miss Doil. And don't you think Learning the greatest blessing in the world?

Grad. Not I, truly, Madam—Learning! a vile Bore!

Doil. Do I stand upon my head, or my heels?

Grad. I shall leave all those fopperies to the Grey-beards at College—let 'em chop logic, or make English hashes out of stale Hebrew; 'till they starve, for me.

Sand. This is your resolution?

Grad. Fix'd as Ixion on his wheel—I have no study now but the *Yon*.

Doil. Indeed!

Grad. You shall confess, my Friend, in spite of prejudice, that 'tis possible for a Man of Letters to become a Man of the World. You shall see, that he can dress, grow an adept in the science of Taste, ogle at the Opera, be vociferous at the Playhouse, suffer himself to be pigeon'd with an easy air at Boodle's, and lose his health for the benefit of his reputation in King's Place.

Miss Doil. Bless me! one would suppose you had been familiar in the *Bon-ton* all your life—you have all the requisites to make a figure in it, by heart.

Grad. The mere force of Beauty, Madam—I wish'd to become worthy of you, and that wish has work'd a miracle.

Doil. A miracle with a vengeance! Jacques Droz' wood and wire-work was nothing to it.

Miss Doil. How different from what you was this morning!

Grad. Oh, mention it not—this morning I—
E may

may it be blotted from Time's Ledger, and never thought on more! I abhor my former Self, Madam, more than you can—witness now the recantation of my errors. Learning, with all its tribe of solemn fopperies, I abjure—abjure for ever.

Doil. You do?

Grad. The study of what is vulgarly called Philosophy may suit a Monk; but 'tis as unbecoming a Gentleman, as Loaded Dice, or a Brashed Sword.

Doil. Larning unbecoming a Gentleman!—Very well.

Grad. Hebrew I leave to the Jew Rabbies, Greek to the Bench of Bishops, Latin to the Apothecaries, and Astronomy to Almanack-makers.

Doil. Better, and better.

Grad. The Mathematics—Mixed, Pure, Speculative, and Practical, with their whole circle of Sciences, I consign, in a lump, to Old Men who want Blood, and to Young ones who want Bread—and now you've heard my whole abjuration.

DOILEY rushing forward.

Doil. Yes—and I have heard too—I have heard. Oh, that I should ever have been such a dolt as to take thee for a Man of Larning!

Grad. Mr. Doiley! [*Confounded.*]

Doil. What! don't be dash'd, Man—go on with your objurations, do. Yes, you'll make a shine in the Tone!—Oh, that ever I should have been such a Nincompoop!

Sand. My dear Mr. Doiley, don't be in a heat—how can a Man of your discernment—now look at Gradus—I am sure he's a much prettier.

prettier fellow than he was—his figure and his manner are quite different things.

Doil. Yes, yes, I can see that—I can see that—Why, he has turned little Easop upside down—he's the Lion in the skin of an Ass. [*Walking about*]

Grad. I must retrieve myself in his opinion. The skin, Mr. Doiley, may be put off; and be assured, that the mind, which has once felt the sacred energies of Wisdom, tho' it may assume, for a moment—

Miss Doil. So! so! [*Angrily*]

Sand. [*Apart*] Hark ye, Sir! that won't do. By Heaven, if you play retrograde, I'll forsake you on the spot. You are ruined with your Mistress in a moment.

Grad. Dear Madam! believe me, that as for—what can I say—how assimilate myself to two such opposite tastes? I stand reeling between two characters, like a Substantive between two Adjectives.

Doil. You! you for to turn Fop, and Mac-caroni! Why, 'twould be as nateral for a Jew Robin to turn Parson. An Elephant in pinders—a Bishop with a rattle and bells, couldn't be more postereous.

Sand. Nay now, my dear Mr. Doiley—

Doil. Dear me no dears. Why, if I wanted a Maccaroni, I might have had choice—every alley from Hyde-Park to Shadwell-Dock swarms with 'em—genuine; and d'ye think I'll have an amphiberous thing—half-and-half, like the Seacalf at Sir Ashton's?

Sand. Oh, if that's all, an hundred to ten, Gradus will soon be as complete a character, as if

if he had never learnt his Alpha Beta; or known more of the Classics than their names.

Doil. Oh, I warrant him. Now what do ye think of the Scratchi, the Horfi, and the rest of 'em maye!

Grad. Oh, a mere *Bore*—a parcel of brawny ontaught fellows, who knew no more of life than they did of Chinese. If they'd stood Candidates for rank in a College of Taste, they'd have been returned *ignorantur*—would they not, Madam?

Miss Doil. Oh certainly—I could kiss the fellow, he has entered into my plot with such spirit. [Exit.

Doil. Why, you've been in wonderful haste to get rid of the igranter part—but as it happened, that was the only part I car'd for—so now you may carry your hogs to another market; they won't not do for me.

Grad. My Hogs!

Doil. Aye—your Boars—your improvements—your fashionable airs—your—in short, you are not the Man I took you for; so you may trot back to College again—go, Mister, and teach 'em the Tone, do—Lord, how they'll stare! Jeremy Gradus, or the Monkey return'd from travel.

Sand. Upon my honour, you are too severe. Leave us, Man—leave us—I'll settle your affair, I warrant. [to Gradus.

Grad. No so easily, I fear—he sticks to his point, like a rusty Weather-cock—All my dependence is on the Lady.

Sand. You'll allow Gradus to speak to Miss Doiley.

Doil. Oh, aye, to be sure—the more he speaks, the less she'll like him. Here—shew Mr.

Mr. Gradus to the dressing-room [*Exit Gradus*].
Give her another dose—surfeit her by all means.
Why, sure, Mr. Sandford, you'd no hand in
transmogrifying the——

Sand. Yes, faith, I had—I couldn't endure
the idea of seeing your charming Daughter tied
to a collection of Greek Apophthegms and Latin
Quotations—so I endeavoured to English him.

Doil. English him! I take it shocking ill of
you, Mr. Sandford—that I must tell you.—Here
are all my hopes gone, like a whiff of Tobacco!

Sand. Pho! my dear Mr. Doiley, this at-
tachment of yours to Scholarship is a mere
whim——

Doil. Whim! well, suppose it is—I will
have my whim. Work'd hard forty years, and
saved above twice as many Thousand Pounds—
and if so much labour, and so much money,
won't entitle a Man to whim, I don't know what
the devil should.

Sand. Nor I neither, I'm sure.

Doil. To tell ye a bit of a secret—lack
o' Larning has been my great detriment. If I'd
been a Scholar, there's no knowing what I might
have got—my Plumb might have been two—
my——

Sand. Why, doubtless, a little Classical know-
ledge might have been of use, in driving your
Bargains.

Doil. Aye, to be sure!—and I do verily be-
lieve it hindered me from being Lord Mayor—
only think of that—Lord Mayor of London!

Sand. How so?

Doil. Why, I tended the Common Council,
and all the Parish-meetings, for fifteen years,
without daring for to make one arangue—at last
a Westry

a Westry was call'd, about chusing of a Turncock. So, now, thinks I, I'll shew 'em what I'm good for—our Alderman was in the Purples—so, thinks I, if he tips off, why not I, as well as another?—so I'll make a speech about Patrots, and then ax for their votes.

Sand. Very judicious!

Doil. If you'll believe me, I got up three times—Silence! says Mr. Crier—and my tongue grew so dry with fright, that I couldn't wag it—so I was forc'd to squat down again, 'midst horse-laughs—and they nick-named me *Dummy*, through the whole Ward.

Sand. Wicked Rogues! Well, I ask your pardon—I had no idea of these *important* reasons. Yet, how Men differ! Now the Family of Sir Wilford Granger are quite distress'd by the obstinate attachment to the Sciences, which has quite spoil'd that fine young Fellow I told you of this morning.

Doil. Aye! What's he Sir Wilford Granger's Son? Knew his Father very well—kept a fine Study of horses, and lost many Thousands by it—lent him money many a time—good Man—always punctual.

Sand. Aye, Sir! but this Youth disappointed all his hopes. Mighty pleasant, to see a young Fellow—form'd to possess life in all its points, and bewitching varieties—shrink from the World, and bury himself amidst obsolete Books, Systems, and Schisms—whilst Pleasure wooes him to her soft embrace, and joys sollicit him in vain!—Oh, it gave his Father great trouble.

Doil. Great trouble! Dear me, dear me! I always thought Sir Wilford had been a wiser man—

man—why, I would have given the world for such a Son.

Sand. He swallows it rarely!—[*aside.*]—Oh, he piques himself on such trifles as reading the Greek and Latin Authors in their own tongue, and mastering all the quibbles of our English Philosophers—

Doil. English Philosophers! I wou'd'nt give a farthing for *them*.

Sand. Why, sure you have heard of a Bacon, a Locke, a Newton—

Doil. Newton! oh aye—I have heard of Sir Isaac—every body has heard of Sir Isaac—Great Man—Master of the Mint.

Sand. Oh, Sir! this Youth has found a dozen mistakes in his theories, and proved him wrong in one or two of his calculations—in short, he is advised to give the world a system of his own—in which, for aught I know, he'll prove the earth to be concave instead of spherical, and the moon to be no bigger than a punch-bowl.

Doil. [*Aside*] He's the Man—he's the Man!—Look'ee. Mr. Sandford—you've given a description of this young Fellow, that's set my blood in a ferment. Do you—now, my dear Friend, do you think now that you could prevail upon him to marry my Daughter?

Sand. Why, I don't know—neither beauty nor gold has charms for him. Knowledge—knowledge is his Mistress.

Doil. Aye! I'm sorry for that—and yet I'm glad of it too. Now, see what ye can do with him—see what ye can do with him!

Sand. Well, well, I'll try. He promis'd to call on me here this evening, in his way to the Museum—

Museum—I don't know whether he is'nt below
n^w.

Doil. Below now! Ifackins, that's lucky—
hang *me* if it is'nt! Do go and—and speak to
him a bit—and bring him up—bring him up.
Tell him, if he'll marry Elizabeth, I'll *give* him,
that is, I'll *leave* him every farthing I have in the
world.

Sand. Well—since you are so very earnest,
I'll see what I can do. [Exit.

Doil. Thank'ee, thank'ee! Icod! I'll buy him
twice as many books as a College Library, but
what I'll bribe him—that I will. What the
dickens can Elizabeth be about, with that thing
there! that Gradus!—He a Man of Larning!—
Hang me if I don't believe his head's as hollow
as my Cane. Shure she can't have taken a fancy
to the smattering Monkey! Ho, there they are
—here he comes! Why there's Greek and Alge-
bra in his face.

Enter SANDFORD, and GRANGER dressed in black.

Mr. Granger, your very humble sarvant, Sir—
I'm very glad to see you, Sir.

Grang. I thank you, Sir. [Very solemnly.]

Doil. I knew your Father, Sir, as well as a
Beggar knows his Dish. Mayhap Mr. Sandford
told you that I wanted for to bring you and my
Daughter acquainted—I'll go and call her in.

Grang. 'Tis unnecessary.

Doil. He seems a mighty silent Man. [Apart,
to Sandford.

Sand. Studying—studying. Ten to one he's
forming a discourse in Arabic, or revolving one
of Euclid's problems.

Doil.

A F A R C E.

33

Doil. Couldn't you set him a talking a bit? I long for to hear him talk.

Sand. Come, Man! forget the old Sages a moment—Can't the idea of Miss Doiley give a fillip to your imagination?

Grang. Miss Doiley, I am inform'd, is lovely as a Woman can be—But what is Woman?—only one of Nature's agreeable blunders.

Doil. Hum! That smacks of something! [*Aside.*] Why, as to that, Mr. Granger, a Woman with no portion but her whims, might be but a kind of a Jew's bargain—but when Fifty Thousand is popt into the Scale, she must be bad indeed if her Husband doesn't find her a Pen'worth.

Grang. With Men of the World, Mr. Doiley, Fifty Thousand Pounds might have their weight; but, in the balance of Philosophy, gold is light as phlogisticated air.

Doil. That's deep—I can make nothing of it—that must be deep. [*aside.*] Mr. Granger! the great account I have heard of your Larning, and what not, has made me willing for to be a-kin to you.

Grang. Mr. Sandford suggested to me your design, Sir—and, as you have so nobly proposed your Daughter, as the prize of Learning, I have an ambition to be related to you.

Doil. [*Aside*] But I'll see a bit farther into him, though, first. Now pray, Mr. Granger! pray now—a—I say—[*To Sand.*] Ax him some deep question, that he may shew himself a bit.

Sand. What the devil shall I say? Granger! is it your opinion that the ancient Antipodes walk'd erect, or crawl'd on all four?

F

Grang.

Grang. A thinking man always doubts—but the best informations concur, that they were Quadrupedes during two revolutions of the Sun, and Bipedes ever after.

Doil. Quadpedes! Bipedes! what a fine Man he is! *[Aside.*

Sand. A surprising transformation!

Grang. Not more surprising than the transformation of an *Eruca* to a *Chrysalis*—a *Chrysalis* to a *Nymph*, and a *Nymph* to a *Butterfly*.

Doil. There again! I see it will do—I see it will do—aye, that I will—hang me if I don't. *[Aside.*

[Exit, chuckling and laughing.

Grang. What's he gone off for, so abruptly?

Sand. For his Daughter, I hope—Give ye joy, my dear fellow! the *Nymph*, the *Eruca*, and the *Chrysalis*, have won the day.

Grang. How shall I bound my happiness? My dear Sandford—that was the luckiest question, about the *Antipodes*!

Sand. Yes—pretty successful. Have you been at your studies?

Grang. Oh, I've been in the Dictionary this half-hour—and have pick'd up cramp words enough to puzzle and delight the Old Gentleman the remainder of his life.

Sand. Here he is, faith——

Grang. And Elizabeth with him—I hear her dear footsteps! Oh, how shall I——

Doil. without. Come along, I say—what a plague are ye so modest for? Come in here. *[Pulls in Grang. by the arm.]* Here, I've brought him—one of your own kidney—ha! ha! ha! Now I'll lay a gallon you can't guess what I've brought him for. I've brought him—ha! ha! ha! —for

—for to pit him against you [*to Granger*] to see which of you two is the most larned—ha! ha!

Grang. Ten thousand Devils, Plagues, and Furies!

Sand. Here's a blow-up!

Doil. Why, for all he looks so like a Nincompoop in this pye-pick'd jacket, he's got his noddle full of Greek, and Algebra, and them things. Why, Gradus, don't stand aloof, Man—this is a Brother Scholar, I tell ye.

Grad. A Scholar! *all* who have earn'd that distinction, are my Brethren. *Carissime frater, gaudeo te videre.*

Grang. Sir—you—I—most obedient. I wish thou wert in the bottom of the Red Sea, and the largest folio in thy library about thy neck. [*Aside.*]

Sand. For Heaven's sake, Mr. Doiley, what do you mean?

Doil. Mean! why, I mean for to pit 'em, to be sure—and to give Elizabeth to the winner. Touch him up—touch him up! [*to Grang.*] shew him what a fool he is.

Sand. Why, sure, you won't set them together by the ears!

Doil. No, no—but I'm resolved for to set 'em together by the tongues. To cut the business short—Mr. Gradus! you are, to be sure, a great dab at Larning, and what not; but I'll bet my Daughter, and Fifty Thousand to boot, that Granger beats ye—and he that wins, shall have her.

Grang. Heavens! what a stake! 'Tis sufficient to inspire a dolt with the tongues of Babel.

Sand.

Sand. My dear Friend, think of the inde-
ficacy —

Doil. Fiddle-de-dee!—I tell you, I will have
my whim—and so, Gradus, set off. By Jenkins,
you'll find it a tough business to beat Granger—
he's one of your great Genis Men—going to
write a book about Sir Isaac, and the Moon, and
the Devil knows what. [*Miss Doil. and Charl.*

enter at the back of the stage.

Grad. If so, the more glorious will be my
victory. Come, Sir! let us enter the lists, since
it must be so, for this charming prize [*pointing to*
Miss Doiley.] Chuse your weapons—Hebrew
—Greek—Latin—or English. Name
your subject; we will pursue it syllogistically,
or socratically, as you please.

Grang. [*aside*] Curse your Syllogisms, and
Socraticisms!

Doil. No, no, I'll not have no English—
What a plague! every Shoe-black jabbars
English—so give us a touch of Greek to set off
with—Come, Gradus, you begin.

Miss Doil. Undone! undone!

Grad. If it is merely a recitation of Greek
that you want, you shall be gratified. An epi-
gram that occurs to me, will give you an idea of
that sublime language.

Charl. [*aside*] Oh, confound your sublime
language!

Grad. *Panta gelos, kai panta konis, kai panta to*
meden

Panta gar exalagon, esti ta ginomena.

Doil. *Panta, tri pantry!* Why, that's all about
the Pantry. What, the old Grecians lov'd Tid-
bits, may hap—but that's low! aye, Sandford!

Sand.

Sand. Oh, cursed low! he might as well have talk'd about a Pig-stye.

Doil. Come, Granger, now for it! Elizabeth and Fifty Thousand Pounds!

Grang. Yes, Sir. I—I—am not much prepared—I could wish—I could wish—Sandford!

[*Apart.*

Sand. Zounds! say something—any thing!

Char. [*Aside.*] Eigh! it's all over. He could as easily furnish the Ways and Means, as a word in Greek.

Doil. Hoity, toity! What, at a stand! Why sure you can talk Greek as well as Gradus?

Grang. 'Tis a point I cannot decide—you must determine it. Now, Impudence, embrace me with thy seven-fold shield! Zanthus, I remember, in describing such a night as this—

Grad. Zanthus! you surely err. I remember but one being of that name, and he was a Horse.

Grang. Sir, he was an Orator—and *such* an one that, Homer records, the Gods themselves inspired him.

Grad. True, Sir,—but you wo'n't deny—

Doil. Come—come! I sha'n't have no brow-beating—nobody offer'd for to contradict you—So begin [*to Granger.*] What said Orator Zanthus?

Grang. Yon lucid orb, in æther penfile, irradiates th'expanse. Refulgent scintillations, in th'ambient void opake, emit humid splendor. Chrysalic spheroids th'horizon vivify—astifarious constellations, nocturnal sporades, in refrange-rated radii, illumine our orb terrene.

Miss Doil. I breathe again!

[*Aside.*

Doil.

Doil. There! there!—Well spoke, Granger!
—Now, Gradus, beat that!

Grad. I am enrapt in astonishment! You are imposed on, Sir—instead of classical language, you have heard a rant in English—

Doil. English! Zounds! d'ye take me for a fool? D'ye think I don't know my own Mother-tongue!—'Twas no more like English, than I am like Whittington's Cat.

Grad. It was every syllable English.

Doil. There's impudence!—There was'nt a word of it English—If you take that for English, devil take me if I believe there was a word of Greek in all your *tri pantrys*.

Grad. Oh! the torture of Ignorance!

Doil. Ignorant!—Come, come, none of your tricks upon travellers. I thought you meant all that as a skit upon my edication—but I'll have you to know, Sir, that I'll read the Tenth Chapter of Nehemiah with you for your ears.

Grad. I repeat, that you are imposed on, Mr. Sandford, I appeal to you.

Grang. And I appeal—

Sand. Nay, Gentlemen, Mr. Doiley is your Judge in all disputes concerning the Vulgar Tongue.

Doil. Aye, to be sure, I am. Who cares for your Peals? I peal too; and I tell you, I wo'n't be imposed on. Here, Elizabeth—I have got ye a Husband, at last, to my heart's content—

Miss Doil. Him, Sir! You presented that Gentleman to me this morning, and I have found such a *fund* of merit in him—

Doil. In he! what in that Beau-bopkworm! that argues me down, I don't know English?
Don't

Don't go for to provoke me—bid that Mr. Granger welcome to my house—he'll soon be Master on't.

Miss Doil. Sir, in obedience to the commands of my *Father*——[*significantly.*]

Doil. Sha'n't say Obedience—say something kind to him of yourself——He's a Man after my own heart.

Miss Doil. Then, Sir, without reserve, I acknowledge your choice of Mr. Granger is perfectly agreeable to mine.

Doil. That's my dear Bet!—[*kissing her*]—We'll have the wedding directly. There! d'ye understand *that*, Mr. Tri-Pantry?—is *that* English?

Grad. Yes, so plain, that it has exfufcitated my understanding—I perceive I have been dup'd.

Doil. Aye, well! I had rather you should be the Dupe than me.

Grad. Well, Sir, I have no inclination to contest—if the lovely Charlotte will perform her promise.

Char. Agreed! provided that, in your character of Husband, you will be as singular and old-fashion'd as the Wig you wore this morning.

Doil. What, Cousin! have *you* taken a fancy to the Scholar? Egad! you're a cute Girl, and mayhap may be able to make something of him—and I don't care if I throw in a few Hundreds, that you mayn't repent your Bargain. Well, now I've settled this affair exactly to my own mind, I am the happiest man in the world—And, d'ye hear, Gradus?—I don't love for to
bear

bear malice—If you'll trot back to College, and learn the difference between Greek and English; why you may stand a chance to be Tutor—when they've made me a Grandfather.

Grad. I have had enough of languages. You see I have just engaged a Tutor to teach me to read the World; and if I play my part there as well as I did at Brazen-Nose, your indulgence will grant me applause.

THE END.

©-Collected, Thun⁴ Sep^r 19th 1793.

This is a diverting Farce; If I don't forget, the Hint of it is taken from M^r. Sent. Livres; Salamanca Doctor omitted.